

## Never seen your face (until you disappeared)

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## Never seen your face (until you disappeared)

by [rubber\\_duck](#)

### Summary

George works in the missing persons department for the London police. Clay goes missing.  
But looking for someone you have  
#1 never seen before and  
#2 may or may not like more than you're admitting  
sounds like a bad idea.  
(DreamNotFound, Gream, George x Dream)

**01.05.2020**

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Friday

It was May first, a nice day. The grass was green, flowers were blooming and adding nice touches of colour to the mixture of bushes and grass. Everything in the neighbourhood was perfect, a place for people who could afford somebody to keep check of everything in and around their houses.

In this neighbourhood, a man disappeared. He was just out on a walk when a van pulled up next to him, two men jumped out, hit him over the head and dragged him into the back of the car.

The flowers were still adding the perfect amount of colour to the gardens. The plants were still green. It seemed as if nothing had changed. It was calm. As calm as it could be after and before a storm.

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George had been working for over six hours now. These last hours on a case always made him hate his job. The case was closed, the evidence was there, and it was enough to make a nice case in front of whatever judge was taking over this particular drug dealer. George had done his part and enjoyed doing it. He had successfully hacked the drug lord's weird ass own "communication app". It hadn't been that hard.

Well, that was the fun part. Now it was time for paperwork. Only paperwork. Honestly, why in god's name did he have to print out every piece of evidence? He had gotten over 400 incriminating text messages and he had to print out each of them and give context. He hated it.

Some minutes later, his boss, Mr. Panpas, showed up to put him out of his misery and ordered him home. George had not realized how late it already was.

On his way home in the subway, George thought about Dream. He usually called him Dream, Clay felt weird. Who calls their kid Clay anyways? Well, "George" wasn't creative either, but he liked his name. He took his phone out of his jacket and pressed fast dial. Yes, he had Dream on fast dial. So what? They just talked a lot, usually when George was off work and Dream had finished dinner and waited for him to start a stream.

Dream didn't answer his call and hadn't wrote him either. They were supposed to record a video together after George was finished working. Well, it had gotten late.

George decided not to worry about it too much and went to bed. Dream was going to call him tomorrow. Maybe even in the morning, then he could listen to Dreams voice being all raspy. In the morning, Dream was often way too sleepy to carry any conversation at all. They still called. George refused to interpret anything into the situation and kept his hopes down. He went to sleep.

## Chapter End Notes

English is not my first language, this is why this sounds like its been written by a

toddler. Sry about that lol.

I tried to get as much "consent" from Dream and George as possible. They expressed that they were okay with fanfictions in this video (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u4HWNpyPGaM>) and if they express any different opinions in the future, I will delete this story asap! I would have never published or written anything if I hadn't found the clip. Shipping real people is kinda shady idk

This story will be published on wattpad too

Yeehaw

# The call

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George woke up with zero missed calls. Now he couldn't ignore the nagging feeling in his stomach anymore. He felt sick and increasingly worried. Dream couldn't just... disappear. George knew that missing people were far more common than people thought. Normally, one had to pay the ransom and was free again. In 68% of the cases, to be exact. Well, if there had been a kidnapping. In Dreams case, an abduction since he wasn't a kid anymore. But time was essential, moving fast and communicating with the kidnappers mostly went well and got everybody what they needed.

Suddenly George remembered something, a phone number Dream gave him years ago. Back when he was still living with his parents, which always sounded like hell.

„It sounds so stupid, but I'm going to give you the number of my parents.“ George had laughed back then, „You know, something can always happen! I want you to, you know, know when I die of a heart attack in Minecraft.“

„Sounds very on brand“, George had answered and written down the phone number on a post-it. Then he had put it somewhere on his desk. His body got a rush of adrenaline as he got out of bed and started ruffling through his paper on the desk. This was going to be a long search.

George tried hard not to get too worried, Dream was 20 years old after all – he could look after himself. Maybe he just went out, partied hard and passed out after. No, Dream was not the party animal. His body grew increasingly hot with worry as he tried to have a systematic look for the number. His hands started shaking, he felt his heart galloping in his chest.

‘What the fuck’, he thought to himself noticing he was on the brim of freaking out, it wasn't as if they never had a day without talking to each other. Well, it didn't happen often to be honest.

He finally found the small post-it and started dialing the number on his phone. His finger hovered over the call button before he finally pressed it. It started ringing, but someone on the other side of the line hung up on him. George stared at his phone. What did that mean? Dream was safe and didn't want to talk?

His own phone rang. Maybe it was Dream? Maybe I wasn't? He needed to calm down. He went to his bed and answered the call without looking at the screen.

Mr. Panpas was on the line and gave him no time to get lost in his thoughts any further. He sounded urgent. Very urgent.

„We need you in the office right now. Its highest priority, you have five minutes! Understood?“

A new case already? George snapped out of his panic the moment he heard „highest priority“. The thought of Dream missing was pushed to the back of his brain as he answered a rushed yes and RAN in his bathroom, throwing his phone on his bed in the process. He couldn't brush his teeth, so he just threw water in his face, further waking him up. He threw on a shirt and his jeans from yesterday.

When he struggled too much on his socks, he left them crumpled up and threw on his shoes over them. He grabbed his keys, a jacket and left the small flat he lived in. He threw the door closed, not bothering to struggle with his keys to close it, it was too time-consuming. The bureau was down

the street, normally he went with the subway, but one glance at the display of the train times informed him that the next train came in five minutes. Cursing, he turned to his electric scooter (which reminded him of Dream).

Panpas greeted him when he came in. He stood in front of the door talking with a stern-looking woman wearing a suit.

“Mrs. Jackson, this is Mr. Davidson, our IT-expert. Mr. Davidson, this is Mrs. Jackson, federal agent –“

„Good Morning Mr. Davidson. We need you to locate this cell phone“, Mrs. Jackson interrupted. George noticed that the office looked drastically different. The tables were moved so a large whiteboard could fit in the middle of the room.

Men and Women wearing no uniform George knew were all over the place, talking to each other in small groups. George knew what this meant. Someone important was missing. He took the paper from Jackson and went to his usual space in the back of the room. Turning on this computer, he studied the details. It was everything he needed. The number looked strangely familiar; he was irritated.

He took a deep breath and concentrated on his task ahead.

Two hours later, he finally got the location out of the my-phone-is-missing-Google function.

As soon as he handed the results in, everyone seemed to get moving.

„The phone is near Tonbridge, this is its position“, George explained to a team of SWAT policemen, „I suspect it’s in this house in the forest.“

Panpas took over. „Inform the local authorities, I want the roads under surveillance! No one gets into this forest without us knowing!“

The team started to do their job.

„Who is missing, anyway?“, George asked Panpas.

„Rich kid, Father is a diplomat, ransom sum is set to 3 million US-Dollars. Go talk to Mrs. Jackson, she is the lead federal agent of the case. It’s international, the case.“

George made a noise of agreement and walked over to listen to Jackson briefing her team. When she was finished, she turned to George.

„Is there anything I can help you with?“, George asked and instantly regretted asking such stupid question.

„Not right now, but I need you to stay sharp. The kid is important, and we need to get him out of the hands of the terrorists before the situation escalates.“

„How do they negotiate? Did they send anything trackable, maybe I - “?

„In person.“

George was taken aback. What did she mean, in person?

„They want us to send somebody with the money in, but the victim needs to know the person to make sure we don’t send one of our star-SWATs in there. Whoever we send, they are going to get themselves and the kid killed“, Jackson shook her head, „Never heard of that strategy. Awful.“

„Have you found somebody fitting and willing to go in? “, George asked, still visibly confused by this way of negotiating.

„No, it would be a suicide mission. We don't have an official location, anyway. I don't get their plan. No matter how much think about it, why would they want their victim and another person in there? Well, except you shoot them both and don't want to risk the money transfer... “

„Amateurs? “, George suggested.

„Doesn't feel like it. Well, I got to get on the phone with the local cops. “

„Sure.“

George went back to his desk. He wanted to check Dreams socials. Maybe he had posted something. He reached into his jacket and realized he forgot his phone. Cursing, he sat down. He was pretty sure he couldn't use his computer for personal research.

He did it, anyway, feeling like a criminal in the middle of a police department. Dream hadn't posted anything. George was worried. He wanted to ask his friend if they heard anything from him, but he couldn't call them, because he forgot his damn phone.

George needed to stay in the office to finish the paperwork and keep a close eye on the location of the phone and so he did. He tried not to think about Dream.

But he couldn't keep himself from missing him. His stomach did a funny flip when he thought of their last stream together, they were just messing around, having fun testing a new plugin George had programmed. It made them teleport to a random location whenever they ate something. He remembered Dream wheezing like a teapot, as he always did. George could never stop the smile from spreading on his face whenever he heard Dream laugh. He desperately tried to think of anything he could have said to cause Dream to not want to talk to him anymore. In his memory, everything went perfect, they had fun.

Dream seemed happy, making fun of his attempts of trying to teleport inside a safe-house Dream had built out of obsidian in creative. When he finally got in, he had made a joke about placing his Minecraft bed next to Dreams. They had a laugh, had been flirty as always – no no no, where did that thought come from? Dream was certainly not flirty, this was just his sense of humor! George caught his traitorous body had been staring at the same spot for some minutes now. His cheeks felt hot and he was smiling.

Struggling to regain his concentration, he updated the position of the phone.

It was when he was informed several hours later that they hadn't found the missing kid in the forest that he made a decision.

“We are not sure if he's still alive. No sign of him anywhere, just a room that could be used for kidnapping-purposed. But well, thats pretty much every basement ever. Don't know if we're going to find him, these guys are way ahead of us! We have to send someone in!”

“May I remind you that we don't have someone who knows him and is willing to risk his life?! I'm not letting you get my man killed for nothing!”, Jackson had angrily replied to Panpas.

“They have set a timer. We need someone in until Tuesday, if we don't find anyone, they are going to kill him!”

“Well, he has to have some friends. Get his computer delivered to us, I want to talk to his friends.

His parents said he is spending lots of time in front of it-“

George felt his blood pumping through his body. What if Dream had been taken, too? He knew how essential time was. He swallowed and looked down at his computer screen. He made a decision. He was going to find out Dreams location, ultimately betraying his best friends trust by hacking into his phone.

Oh, what was he thinking?

## Chapter End Notes

Decisions were made.

Since the fandom is rather small, i would love to hear your thoughts on the story so far :))

And because I dont watch sapnaps videos, i didn't want to write him as an "official" character, so i wrote his name backwards and called it a day lmaooooo

# You made a mistake

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Saturday evening.

George was told to go home and get some sleep. As soon as the computer arrived, he should analyze it to give the detectives possible friends or people who would be willing to negotiate with the terrorists.

He went home around 8 pm using his scooter. As soon as he opened his door, he went for his phone still laying on his bed. He had missed calls from Badboyhalo, a6d, and Skeppy. In their group chat, they all wondered where Dream had been. George wrote “Sorry guys, I don’t know any more than you. Getting a bit worried tbh”.

Then, he went to his desk and turned on his pc. He grabbed an energy-drink out of the fridge and ignored how tired he was.

Was he really going to hack Dream’s PC? Just to see if there had been any activity in the last days? George felt awful. He knew Dream could spend a few days without his phone, but his computer was Dream’s proudest possession. He loved watching Videos, editing his own, and spend time on the internet using his pc.

George knew, if Dream was pulling some sort of sick prank on them, he would still be using his computer. He pulled up the program he had been working on for the police and started the process of trying to get a hold of Dream’s Computer.

An hour later, he had to admit to himself that it was not going to work. He had tried everything, and knowing Dream’s IP-address, there was a lot he could do. But it was as if the computer had been shut down completely, no cords attached, nothing he could use. It wasn’t even registered as a possible device in the dorm’s WLAN.

Maybe it wasn’t possible to access it because of the safety procedures the United States had introduced to stop international hackers trying to get into their local networks. The other option really, was that the computer had simply been completely unplugged. Unlikely, George thought. His stomach started to ache when he thought of the possibility of Dream wanting to completely cut ties with him.

But why would he want to? Dream knew how much George adored him, he had to know after their years of friendship. And he hadn’t written their mutual friends either. George was worried. He knew he had to go to bed soon, he had to do a lot of work tomorrow. Working for the police didn’t get him as much free time as he would like to have on the weekends.

He got up, he desperately needed a break. He had a headache and needed a shower. Standing under the hot water made him tired. Where did his best friend go? His mind wouldn’t shut up about the possibility of Dream being sick, maybe even in the hospital. Maybe something happened, maybe he got sick and couldn’t take his phone with him.

Well, the US didn’t exactly have the best healthcare system. George realized he never asked if Dream had some sort of medical insurance. To be fair, he had no idea how Dream paid for anything he did. Sure, he made money off coding and his YouTube channel, but not enough to live on his own in a flat. When questioned, Dream didn’t answer and changed the topic. George knew



his parents covered a lot of his expenses without Dream ever talking about them in a good or loving way.

George knew how Dream felt about them. They usually did not talk about subjects that were too heavy, but Dream had sometimes talked about wanting to get a job, but his parents always stopped him from getting one that wasn't pure hell. George never quite understood what gave Dream's parents the power to control his life as much as they did without ever seeing him.

George felt the panic rise in his chest. Dream couldn't possibly be dead without anyone telling him, could he? Did Dream have his number on a will? Did he even have a will? George certainly had not. He felt tears well up in his eyes and pressed his hands to his head. Blinking, he reached for the shampoo and started to get himself clean. He didn't have time to cry. Dream possibly needed him.

Stepping out of the shower, George looked in the mirror. It was steamed up, and his reflection showed his red eyes. George looked away and concentrated on getting dressed. He had a phone to hack.

Dream's phone wasn't as untraceable as his computer. Hacking it felt strangely familiar, George blamed his emotional state. Which was everything except stable. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the Minecraft logo at the bottom of the screen, so he removed the bar altogether.

This did not get his eyes to go back to a dry state, especially not when he could not locate the damn phone.

His brain slowly but surely stopped working. Desperately trying to stay awake, George opened another Energy Drink. It was gross and after a short burst of energy, he fell asleep on his desk.

He dreamt of Dream, but it was a nightmare (see what I did there).

George was in a dark, small room. He couldn't see anything and it was quiet. The silence was suffocating. He was scared. Suddenly he heard a whisper, echoing off the walls around him, making it impossible to find out where it was coming from.

"George. George... you made a mistake... George, listen to me..."

It was Dream. George stood up, feeling hopeful. Maybe he could help him out of here, his heart started beating faster as he thought of it.

"Listen, George, you made a mistake", Dream's voice grew louder and louder, echoing off the walls, "I trusted you and you made a mistake!", it repeated.

George started to panic, walking backward, he couldn't see anything, the walls were coming closer. Dream sounded so angry, so angry at him.

"Dream, please..."

"George made a mistake! George made a mistake!", Dream screamed at him. The walls were suffocating George, the panic was swallowing him whole. Dream's screams were the only thing he could concentrate on.

Feedback (from kudos to comments) truly means the world to me. Anything would be greatly appreciated!]

**03.05.2020**

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George woke up, feeling horrible. His phone was ringing. He felt like he was going to throw up. He swallowed and answered his phone.

“The computer is going to be in the office in an hour, I need you there”, Panpas told him.

“Sure.”

George hung up. His stomach turned when he looked up at his black screen. His face reflected from it. Remembering his dream and his nightmare, he turned the computer on. The phone couldn't be found anywhere in the US.

Chewing on his bottom lip, he started looking for a USB-Stick. When he found it, he started copying the program and his input onto the stick, then stood up to get dressed and eat something. He had not eaten for nearly a day and he was hungry. Dream was the only thing on his mind.

He could not stop thinking of how terrified he had felt in his dream, and Dream screaming at him. It had been awful.

George made himself a sandwich he could take to work, decided he truly didn't give a damn anymore about having a normal eating schedule and started cooking spaghetti. While they were cooking, he got ready for work.

Half an hour later, he walked into the bureau with a full stomach, his phone, and the USB-Stick in his pocket. Jackson greeted him.

“Good morning, Davidson. The computer should arrive any minute. I hope it didn't get damaged on the way.”

“Shouldn't be an obstacle, anyways. Is there any news?”

“We tried reaching out by telling them we have agents willing to go in unarmed and without trying anything. No answer so I guess it's a no. We can't send the parents in either.”

George nodded. Jackson grabbed a file of a nearby desk and handed it to him. On top of the file was a picture of the man that had been abducted. He was standing between what looked like his parents. The man had brown hair and rather attractive features, including deep brown eyes. George found himself staring at the picture and wondering what Dream looked like in real life. He never revealed his face to George, It just wasn't something Dream felt comfortable to do. George had to keep his sexual fantasies to faceless men, but Dream wouldn't appreciate that argument.

“How old is he?”, George found himself asking.

“20. The good news is that the father finally agreed to pay the ransom.”

“He didn't want to before?”

“No”, Jackson looked uncomfortable sharing this information, “not really the diplomatic way, if you ask me for my opinion.”

George shrugged and caught sight of a big carton being delivered to his desk. That must be the computer.

“Looks like I have something to do”, he said.

“Yeah, me too. I want to finally talk to his parents in person, it’s a miracle when they answer my calls.”

Johnson turned around and left George standing in the bureau with the file in his hands.

The first thing George did was inserting his USB-Stick into his work computer. Some lines of code that George had prewritten a few months ago to test the auto-alarm of the system made this action undetected, unless you were actively looking for it. He started the program to locate Dream’s phone. He knew the answer was still going to be it not being able to be located, but maybe he could work out a solution.

Opening the package, he took the computer out. It was a gaming-pc, expensive with the best elements one could find.

“Wow...”, George whispered under his breath. If he could afford one, this was the one he’d buy.

He plugged it in and tried to turn it on. It did, but needed a few moments. George decided to try to run a rather standard password-detection on it. It would insert the password which were most common and would try to get some info out of the computer.

He turned around to trying to locate his phone. His mind somehow went to remind him of the nightmare he had. He could still hear Dream’s voice screaming at him for making a mistake.

The phone could not be located. The data was there, he was connected but it couldn’t be located anywhere in the US. He stared on the result, hearing Dream scream at him in his mind.

You made a mistake, George.

Shaking his head to get rid of the thought, he scrolled through the code.

You made a mistake, George.

Was it possible for Dream to leave the country? George started typing, looking for the phone worldwide.

Crossing his fingers and bobbing his leg, he sat in front of his screen. It felt so familiar, he had a deja-vu to trying to get the location of the phone of the missing person. He looked at the picture in front of the file again. The boy was smirking and looking into the camera, his eyes felt like they were looking at George. George had to admit that he looked good, attractive.

He leaned back and opened the file while the two programs were doing their job. A lot of the information was classified, including his name and his parent's name. He was described as “having an influence on social media”, but George knew this could mean everything, from being top-tier beauty influencer to posting memes on Reddit and getting some upvotes.

George’s eyes fell on the address where the boy was supposedly taken. It was in the US. That explained why federal agent Jackson was here, as well as why George did not know the uniforms the supporting agents were wearing. An international case. The file was rather thin, they hadn’t gotten a lot of clues except the location of the phone. The case was set in London because the kidnappers wanted their second hostage and money-deliverer to be stationed in London.

George's eyes flickered to his screen, because it had lit up, displaying a warning signal. He closed the file, irritated. The program from yesterday was still turned on, apparently looking for any signals from the phone of the missing man.

Interference: phone accessed by unknown user from London, Great Britain. Timestamp:  
02.05.2020, 21:36

What a coincidence. He had been hacking into Dreams phone around that time. Was it possible for the kidnappers to have access to the phone of the missing man?

George's mind started racing. He typed a command and got the IP-address of the "unknown user".

The result was his own address.

That could only mean one thing, but that was – impossible. Highly unlikely. If the phone of the missing person was accessed by George trying to get into Dreams phone... Well, then the missing man from the US was Dream. Georges's heart started going way too fast, he was getting hot and swallowed dryly.

Only one way to find out, George decided.

He turned to the computer, stopping the password-program and slowly typing Dreams password into the box.

The computer unlocked. The homescreen was a picture of George.

## Chapter End Notes

Aaahhh all the support makes me so happyyy! This is the twist EVERYONE saw coming! My boyfriend read the story and thought it was "okay" lol

## Revealed

Georges mind was racing. He stood up. He needed to gather his thoughts. Dream was the boy they had been looking for. Dream had brown hair and beautiful eyes. Dream had been abducted and his parents didn't even want to pay the ransom in the first days.

Dream was gone. In the hands of some terrorists, no one knew where.

George still stood in front of his desk, the picture laid in front of him. He reached out to grab it. It felt as if he was breaking a promise when he looked at it. This was Dream, possibly. George stared at it, taking in the thick brown brows, the short brown hair, and how nice his lips looked.

It felt strangely invading.

He tore his eyes away from the picture and opened the file again, then closed it. It was bad enough that George had hacked into Dreams Phone and PC. He didn't need to further invade his privacy. His eyes fell onto the picture in his hands. His mouth went dry and he felt tears well up in his eyes. He couldn't cry, not in the office.

Leaving the file on the desk, he went to the toilet, shut himself in a stall and let the tears roll over his face.

Dream was missing. His best friend was in the hands of terrorists. He had no idea if he would ever see him again. George knew he had to talk to Panpas and Johnson, he had to free Dream.

Remembering the number Dream had given him, he pulled out his phone, cleared his throat and called it again. After three ringing tones, a woman accepted the call.

"Hello."

"Hi, this is George Davidson. I am Clay's good friend and wanted to--"

"Oh, hello, George, this is his mother. I can't give you any information right now."

"But he is missing, isn't he?", George pressed on.

"Yes – well, I don't know you. Please refrain from calling this number again", the woman answered, sounding hurried.

George was hung up on. Why was he never the person to hang up? Dream never hung up on him without giving him the friendliest goodbye he could think of. George swallowed, his mouth dry again. He wiped over his eyes. After washing his face and hands, he felt ready to work again. Ignoring the funny feeling his stomach seemed to produce every time he looked at the picture of Dream, he turned to the computer he had accessed and started looking for clues that could narrow the time of the kidnapping down to a certain timeframe.

The location of Dreams phone could not be traced, but the last location was Tonbridge.

George kept himself busy, looking for a time to talk to Panpas or Jackson, but they both were gone to talk to the parents over skype. He could not disturb them and finished the paperwork from the last case.

When George went home that night, it was raining. He looked up at the sky and couldn't help

wondering if Dream could hear the rain, too. Maybe he was in London, close by. Chances are, he wasn't. George knew that time was running out. Tuesday was the deadline for negotiating by sending someone in.

When George went to bed after a short talk with their friends, it felt even emptier than usual. He could not sleep. His mind was filled with worry.

George tried to imagine his life without Dream. He couldn't. It felt so wrong, not talking to Dream every evening, not playing together. George missed having fun with him. George missed Dream. Really f-ing much.

He turned over to cry into his pillow. He wondered if Dream was thinking about him, too. He wondered if Dream too had all these feelings.

George wasn't stupid. He had had a crush before, and he had thought men were attractive before. He knew what the butterflies in his stomach meant, he knew why he couldn't tear his eyes away from the picture of the boy on the file.

But realizing he maybe had a crush on his best friend wasn't enough to make him confess his undying love. He knew Dream wouldn't feel the same way about him. Dream had only had girlfriends in the past and never expressed any attraction toward the same gender. George's stomach hurt with jealousy as he thought about the girls who received Dream's attention.

He was filled with deep shame, realizing Dream was missing, possibly dead and he laid in bed hating on his ex-girlfriends.

Wow, George, great values you got, he thought sarcastically, crushing on your friend who won't love you back. And then having nothing better to do than being jealous. Good job.

His worries kept him awake for hours. He finally fell asleep imagining Dream was with him. He was ashamed of it.

The next day, he finally got a hold of Jackson and Panpas. They were standing in front of the whiteboard, discussing strategies of negotiating, when George interrupted them.

"Could I have a talk with you in private?", he asked.

Johnson looked stressed.

"What is it, Davidson? Time has been running out since day one. Make it short."

George looked at Panpas, who nodded at him.

"I know him. The man who's missing. I'm willing to be the negotiator and –"

"Stop. Forget what I said, let's talk in private", Panpas interrupted him and pointed to an interrogation room.

They went in there and Johnson made sure no one was listening in on them.

"Before progressing, I have three questions. I want to prove you know him, I want to know how you found out and when you found out his identity."

"Well, the background of his homescreen is a picture of me", George lost his train of thoughts. He had not thought about why in God's name Dream would have a picture of him as his homescreen.

Not that he was complaining, it was a rather good screenshot of one of his facecam videos. He was laughing in the picture.

“His name is D- Clay, and I found out because of the homescreen. It was yesterday.”

“And why haven’t you told us YESTERDAY, then?!”

Panpas looked angry and Johnson had mumbled something under her breath.

“Well, you were busy and –“

“Goddamnit, Davidson we don’t have time for this nonsense, you should have told us as soon as you found out! Now, the details. Johnson, what do you say? What’s the next move?”

Johnson opened the door and called a man in who was looking pretty strong. George couldn’t help but look at his muscular arms.

“Let’s get Davidson a crash-course in self-defense and first aid”, she said, “I’ll get you as soon as we are finished stringing a plan together.”

“Get the head of tracking in here.”

George left the room with the muscular man who introduced himself as a former US Navy SEAL. While George realized that the crazy stories about the extreme training these men have to go under, the SEAL realized that George was the last man he’d send in there because of his lack in training of anything.



# Sunset

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George looked at the helicopter Panpas and he were walking towards. Its choppers were already turning lazily.

“George, are you even listening to me?!”, Panpas angry voice brought George back to reality. He had already listened to Johnson explaining every clue they ever got and how he could always call 911 or 112 if he and Dream got out somehow. It was normal to zone out from time to time when your body had anxiously releasing adrenalin over hours. The kick just wore off and George felt tired.

“Now, to summarize: The chip is inserted just below your ribcage. It’s the latest technology, undetectable except if they have the scanners you can only find in airports.”

George nodded, trying to remember this info.

“We’re going to activate it tomorrow, then we know your location and get you two out if you are not released then.”

The safe with the ransom money was lifted into the chopper, as the pilot handed him and Panpas headsets. George climbed into the helicopter and Panpas sat down next to him.

“Good evening Davidson, can you hear me?”, Johnsons voice came out of the headset.

“Yes, I can. Have I already got the chip?”

“No, here it is”, Panpas held up a needle with a small electronic part in its middle.

“Oh god.”

George desperately tried to remember how much Dream meant to him and pulled up his shirt.

“Don’t worry, it looks worse than it is. It’s gonna hurt, but not too much. Getting it out is the harder part”, Jackson informed him as Panpas prepared his skin.

George felt a sharp, but short pain as the needle injected the small chip into his skin.

“Already over. Shouldn’t bleed, but press this onto your skin”, Panpas handed him a tissue.

“19:33, its time to get in the air. Remember, we will get you out of there when you are not released”, Jackson reminded him as Panpas told the pilot they were ready to start.

George knew the handover wasn’t exactly planned out. After Jackson had contacted the terrorists and had told them that George was willing to be the one to go in and get the money to them, they agreed and let the police know they were going to need a helicopter. They were going to get the information at 19:40.

As the helicopter started taking off, George remembered why he hated flying. Trying to control his stomach into not throwing up, he turned to Panpas.

“Are you sure they won’t notice the tracker?”, he asked.

“It’s nearly impossible, only big airports have the technology. They won’t have access to it.”

“Remember, the goal is not to get killed. Get Warren out with you.”

It was still weird to know Dreams last name. George swallowed as he tried not to throw up. This was getting bad. To be fair, his stomach had already been hurting with anxiety before he got into the helicopter.

“I’ve got a message. Fly west.”

George couldn’t stop his eyes from roaming all over the place, searching for a clue that he missed. Oddly, he remembered his nightmare again.

You made a mistake, George.

He suddenly felt too hot in his t-shirt as the pilot turned the chopper around.

“Don’t worry. We have forces everywhere following us. That’s why they are taking you in, they know if they were to release Warren, we’d follow them and either arrest or kill them”, Panpas said.

George looked down at the city. The helicopter was at the edge of it, they were flying towards the smaller cities around London. Why wouldn’t they want to land on a high building in London for the exchange? The pilot answered his question.

“Sir, I am going to have to request a trespassing by the Airport London Heathrow if we are to continue the course you have set.”

They were not going to fly over the airport. They were going to land. George realized it. His eyes wide opened, he turned to Panpas.

“Request it, send the route and it’s high priority.”

“Never mind. We are supposed to be landing there. There is a bomb threat in the airport, Terminal three. Sending the SWAT in, but the local security is getting people out right now.”

“Oh fuck. How much time do we have?”, Panpas asked while twisting in his seat to get to the first-aid-box hanging behind him.

“We will arrive in two minutes”, the pilot answered.

“Lift your shirt.”

“Oh no, no, no, no, no!”, George was shaking his head. Panpas had found a scalpel.

“George, listen to me. We need to get that chip out in the next two minutes. Grab onto this –”, Panpas gave him a bandage from the kit, “and try not to move too much.”

“Oh fuck, oh fuck”, George repeated, while pulling up his shirt and trying to lay in his seat. He grabbed the bandage tight into his fist. Staring at the ceiling of the helicopter, he tried to think happy thoughts. He couldn’t.

He felt the pain of the cut Panpas had made below his ribcage. His abdominal muscle contracted and he squeezed his eyes shut as tears started rolling. His stomach rebelled even worse and he was sure he was going to throw up. His body started freezing and he clenched his teeth together as PANpas exchanged the scalpel for tweezers.

“One minute.,” the pilot said.

It hurt like hell and seemed to last ages. George started biting on his tongue to distract him from the pain.

“Okay, I got the chip. Hold this to the wound, you need tape to make sure it heals correctly”, Panpas sprayed disinfectant on the wound.

George slowly un-clenched his body, realizing he tongue was bleeding, too. Panpas taped the wound shut. It was dark outside. George pulled down his shirt after panpas cleaned his blood off of him. The wound was sealed by a small band aid.

“Are you done? You should be landing now”, Johnson sounded worried.

“Yes.”

George looked out at the lit up airport. One plane stood out to him because of its size, it was small but looked expensive.

“Land on the runway right in front of terminals 3”, Johnson advised the pilot.

The helicopter slowly sank down on the runway.

“No going back, Davidson. Good luck”, Johnson said, “remember that many victims are freed as soon as the money is paid.”

It did not sound hopeful.

Panpas just laid a hand on his shoulder.

“Warren is a lucky man. You are a good friend.”

George threw up. He managed to lean forward enough to not hit himself. It represented how he felt. The door opened and after wiping his mouth with the bloody tissue, George followed Panpas out of the helicopter. Two men with machine guns and face masks stood 20 meters (65 feet) away from them in front of the entrance to the terminal. Panpas reached into the helicopter and pulled the safe out.

George took it with trembling hands. His heart sunk into his stomach. He felt like throwing up again. His stomach hurt, the safe felt like it was burning his hands. George had remembered an information he had been given earlier.

He was not the only one with a tracker. The safe had one in it, too. And he was about to walk through a body scanner with it.

Should he walk to the two men? Turn around and run? Or wait for their orders?

They were going to kill him if they found the tracker. They were going to kill Dream.

They were going to kill Dream.

Panpas suddenly knelt on the ground next to him. Irritated, George looked down at him. Panpas was not looking back at him, but at the men with the guns.

One of them pointed his machine gun at George.

“WALK INTO TERMINAL THREE. NO SUDDEN MOVEMENTS!”

George stumbled forward. The world was turning around him. His legs shaking, the short distance seemed endless. He just walked until he reached the door of the terminal. Another man stood inside of the terminal, raising his gun when he saw George.

“SLOW MOVEMENTS. LEAVE THE SAFE HERE AND STEP INTO THE SCANNER!”

George slowly put the safe down and walked into the body scanner. He tried to listen to what happened with the safe, but he had to keep looking forward. Another man with a different weapon activated the scanner.

Any minute now, they were going to realize the safe was tracked, too. They were going to shoot him. Execute him in the airport. George barely stood upright in the scanner. His face was white with fear. The scanner moved around him. George heard the safe being lifted. They were going to scan it after him. The scanner did not beep and the man standing in front of George nodded. He held out a glass of a substance looking like water.

“Drink.”

George reached for the glass. Was it poison? He took a deep breath and drank the fluid. It tasted like a medicine he used to take as a kid whenever he was sick.

“Walk in front of me, right out of the gate. You will see a plane. Get into the plane.”

George just stood in front of the scanner, waiting to be shot. But it did not happen. Instead, the man put the gun onto his back and started pushing him towards the plane.

George took a few unsteady steps. The world turned around him. He felt drunk. The next moment, he was in front of the plane. Taking the steps up into the plane was hard. Partly because he felt like he was going to pass out any moment, partly because he had already fallen onto the steps two times.

The conversation around him felt like he heard it through thick glass.

“-reaction to the sedative-” - “-ready to start-”

George fell onto the floor and passed out.

## Chapter End Notes

[this was way too hard to write. Feedback (votes and comments) means the world to me!]

**04.05.2020**

## Chapter Notes

YEEHAW I'M BACK! A big, big sorry to everyone, I've had a rough couple of weeks. Summary of what happened so far: George works for the London Police, Dream goes missing and George, being the crazy hacker that he is, gets involved and is transferred to the kidnappers. Sounds fun? It definitely is.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Oh f-ck”, George muttered. His voice was slurred. He couldn't move without wanting to throw up. His throat hurt badly. His vision blurred as he slowly tried to turn around, to lay on his side.

Not a good idea. His head felt like it was about to explode, it hurt so bad.

He decided to lay on his back and just kept breathing slowly, trying to control his breathing. Anxiously waiting for his body to decide to throw up.

It felt like ages, but finally, he had calmed down. George slowly opened his eyes. It was bright around him. His hands went to his forehead as he slowly sat up. The lights were blinding him. He rested his forehead on his hands, blinking at the floor. It was carpeted.

Where was the floor carpeted?

Suddenly, Georges stomach had a weird feeling. It felt strange, so unbelievably strange, like he was about to throw up. Except, well, it was something else. It felt like his body was floating for a second, his stomach felt loose in his body.

What the fuck?? Did they actually get George Drugs? Like, was he having a trip?? Maybe an acid-trip?

George slowly but surely started to panic. He tried to calm down and swallowed.

His ears did the buzzing sound, as his head felt so much better after the pressure equalization. He was able to think, carpeted floor, his body feeling floaty for second, needing to do pressure equalization every few minutes.

He was on a plane.

George felt triumph rise as he opened his eyes and saw the round windows, the seats, the bright sky outside. He had been right.

Oh. Oh no. He was in the sky. Oh god, why? George hated flying and felt the fear rise in his chest.

Panicking, he ignored his body and pushed himself up, falling into a seat. He started looking for the seatbelt, hectic searching between the seats. Suddenly, a hand laid onto his shoulder. With pressure. Somebody was standing behind him. George failed to get a hold of his panic and squirmed out of the hold.

“Calm down. We'll land soon enough”, the man said. He still stood behind him, but didn't put his

hand on Georges's shoulder a second time.

A few seconds passed.

“We could get you more Ketamine, if you want.”

Ketamine... the name rang a bell. It was a drug, wasn't it? He had no idea what the drug did, but George wouldn't take drugs anyways, let alone take them from the kidnappers.

“No thanks. A bag would be appreciated, if I am forbidden to throw up on the floor.”

George heard the kidnapper move, the man walked past him. He was still dressed in black with a ski-mask over his face. George exhaled and realized how clenched his shoulders were. He finally had time to look at the plane he was in. It was smaller than passenger planes, with only two seats on each side of the row. There were three rows before George, and when he looked out of the window, he saw the panes Flügel.

Which had to mean there were not a lot of seats. George did not dare to turn around, but leaned onto the middle way, trying to see where the kidnapper went.

The man opened the door at the front of the cabin and George could see a desk chair and some controls. Must be the Pilots chair.

The door opened again and George quickly acted busy, looking for the safety jacket under his seat. His hands felt the underside of the seat, but there was nothing. Maybe he hadn't looked hard enough? Just as George started hectically searching under the seat next to him, the man stepped next to him. He held out the bag George could throw up in – George got reminded of him getting the drug handed.

George took the bag, careful not to touch the mans hands. He wore leather gloves.

“You're not going to find the safety jackets.”

“What?”, George answered irritated.

“Look around. Like, really look. Does this look like a functioning airplane?”

That sentence sent George into full-blown panic. Were they going to crash? He looked around, noticing how stained the carpet of the plain was, how old the leather of the seats were. The lights were unusually bright, maybe rather old technology? The plane was old, George realized.

His panic rose in his chest, his heart beat faster. It felt like the plane was getting slower. Were they sinking? Were they crashing? Was he going to die?

“What is happing?”, George asked, refastening his seatbelt.

“We're landing. Your boyfriend is going to join us.”

George shook his head. His boyfriend?

“My... who, Dream? I mean, Clay Warren?”

“Yes.”

George decided against asking more questions and looked out of the window. They were under the clouds now. Maybe he should get into the brace-position that was advised for crashings?

George leaned his arms against the seat in front of him and had the bag ready to throw up in. The kidnapper standing next to him just shook his head and returned to the front of the plane, but not before informing George that “Our man are right behind you. Try running away and get drugged again. Or shot, depends on how fast you can run.”

As the plane was sinking, George looked out of the window without leaving the brace-position.

Maybe it would be helpful to try to find out where they were. Dream (his boyfriend, according to the kidnappers) was going to get onto the plane.

Georges heart did a funny jump. Most likely because of the plane sinking more and more to the ground. Maybe because he was going to see Dream.

They were heading towards the ground, George braced himself for the landing. It felt like a crash, the plane more or less fell onto the runway, bounced two times before starting to slow down. George was pressed against the front seat, his body started shivering, like it was ice cold. George started retching, but hadn't got anything in his stomach to actually throw up.

The plane came to a hold. Slowly, the door in front opened. Two men with assault rifles stepped in, George felt his heart speed up. After them a familiar figure stepped into the plane.

Dream.

George felt his heart bouncing in his chest and inhaled sharply. A smile rose on his lips and they locked eyes.

A smile formed onto Dreams lips and George couldn't help but notice how beautiful the man was.

And in that moment, he knew this was all worth it. Looking at Dream, it hit him.

George would happily die for Dream.

He would take a bullet.

Without hesitation, give his life for the man who entered the plane, the man George just saw for the first time.

It was all worth it. George knew that.

## Chapter End Notes

aaaahhhh im so sorry but I could not update any sooner, University got in my way big time. I had to research and write two big assignments and had an exam. And lectures started online. What a stressful time! I also build a chicken stable with my mom and bought chickens, so that's four new animals in the garden... Hope you liked the new chapter lol!

# Dream

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George quickly unfastened his seatbelt and got into the seat next to the window. Dream walked towards him and got into the seat next to him. The door closed again as the terrorists seemed in distress.

The pilot left the door open, and as George turned his head to look at Dream, he saw that Dream had a concentrated look on his face, keeping a close eye on the pilot. Suddenly, a man ran from the back of the plane through the middle way.

“We made contact. They are in position, GO NOW before local cops show up.”

The pilot turned around and started the engine, while the other man started closing the door. George suddenly felt Dream's hand on his leg.

What. Was. He. Doing???

George suddenly felt too hot to sit in the airplane, needing to take a walk. Breathing in, he shyly looked out of the window, avoiding eye contact with Dream.

A crazy thought entered his mind. Did Dream tell the terrorists that they were... in a relationship? Was this the reason why the kidnapper told him that “his boyfriend” was joining them? And now Dream was acting like they were in a relationship???

George was so confused by this simple touch.

“George”, as George looked at him, Dream nodded to his hand. Oh. He had four fingers laying on George's leg. That must be uncomfortable.

“Oh god, you don't get in, do you?”, Dream laughed.

George felt his cheeks grow hot and felt ashamed. He shook his head.

Dream laid his head on George's shoulder as the plane started taking off. And George's heart started taking off, too. He felt Dream's breath on his neck, still felt Dream's hand on his leg and ohmygod his heart started racing and his stomach did weird flips.

“How many?” Dream muttered against his skin before pulling his head away.

“Hm? Ooohh.”

George felt the pieces fall together in his head. Dream wanted to know how many terrorists were on the plane. George felt so unbelievably stupid, Dream had laid the number four on his leg and George had thought – well, George hadn't thought about it.

He must be red as a tomato and Dream's laughter made him feel stupid.

“What did you think this was?”, Dream asked laughing.

“I don't know, I thought you were messing with me. Stop laughing!”



He slapped Dreams shoulder and squeezed his eyes shut as the plane took off. He was pressed into his seat. Suddenly, a sharp pain traveled through his body. The incision Panpas had made was burning and George inhaled. He squeezed the chair and tried breathing slowly through his clenched teeth.

“Are you okay? What’s the matter?”

Dream sounded worried. George just shook his head.

“I hate flying. It makes me panic.”

“Oh. Can I... do something?”

“No.”

George felt the panic overtaking and without thinking, he hesitantly put his head onto Dreams shoulder.

“I – you can squeeze my hand if you want to”, Dream offered.

Feeling weirdly touched, George took his hand.

Telling himself this was fine and his little crush on his friend wasn’t a big deal, George shut his eyes and tried to relax.

It did not work. George's heart was still hammering in his chest as he opened his eyes again. Staring at the seats in front of him, he asked Dream: “so, are we going to talk about this?”

“About what?”, Dream asked.

George gestured around them.

“Oh. The whole... abduction thing –“

Dream stopped talking as one of the kidnappers approached them.

“Are we like – allowed to talk?”, Dream asked.

The man nodded. George noticed he wasn’t wearing a gun anymore, though everyone still wore ski masks.

“Clay, try to catch up on sleep. And George, you can throw up in the plane, it’s not like we need it.”

George laughed, thinking it was sarcasm. The man did not laugh.

“Sorry.”

“And if one of you sees our faces, we will have to kill you.”

What a nice, relaxing fact to make me feel better in this hellhole, George thought. And who allowed him to refer to him as “George”? He didn’t know the abductor's names to call them.

The masked man sat down two rows behind them. George tried to control his shivering. This did not make sense at all, why wouldn’t they need the plane? Being so clueless made him feel helpless. He swallowed dryly. Dream squeezed his hand.

“So – how are you here?”, Dream started.

“I transferred the ransom. They took me with them.”

“How much was it? I doubt my father would pay more than five-thousand”, Dream sounded bitter.

“It was a bit more.”

Dream chuckled.

“Good. Did you know it was me or -?”

“Oh my, do you think I would just – do this for anyone?”, George leaned forward to look at Dream. Dream did not meet his eyes.

“Of course I knew it was you, dumbass.”

“And did you tell our friends what’s going on? Bad and Sapnap must be so worried.”

George felt ashamed, he absolutely forgot to text their friends. His days had been completely filled with trying to get Dream to safety.

“I may or may not have forgotten to do that”, he slowly replied.

“George, what the hell?”

The plane was doing a weird motion again and Georges side hurt. He thought of Sapnap and mentally apologized to him for not telling him what was going on.

“I just – you were all that was on my mind!”

Dream didn’t answer and George leaned backward again. One of the kidnappers stood up behind them. He held out two swimming goggles, except they were painted black. George realized they could still keep water out of the wearer’s eyes, but they probably blinded whoever wore them.

“Wear this”, the man said.

“What?”, Dream protested as George slowly pulled the goggles over his face. He couldn’t see anything, the black of the paint was all that surrounded him.

“Because I said so!”, the man shouted. George jumped, he hadn’t anticipated the loud order.

“Okay, okay”, Dream hurriedly replied and George heard him putting the glasses on, too.

“Now wait. No matter what, don’t you dare pull off these glasses!”, the man raised his voice to talk to the other terrorists on the plane, “Glasses are on”.

“Impact in two minutes, prepare the doors!”, another man replied.

As George got increasingly scared, he suddenly felt Dreams hand on his leg. George took his hand and took a deep breath. Dreams fingers closed around his hand.

The actions on the plane sounded more and more hectic, the men were taking their weapons (maybe, George couldn’t tell), and transported them to the doors.

“We are going to crash into the ocean soon. Divers will pick us up, both of you, take my hands.”

Oh god, oh god, George panicked and squeezed Dreams hand as the kidnapper took Georges hand. He led the two towards the front of the plane, where George kept bumping into large boxes. He realized that he was surrounded by the kidnappers.

The darkness around George swallowed him whole as the plane sank further and further.

Dream was quiet next to him. The man holding their hands stepped forward as suddenly, the wind hit Georges face. They must have opened the door. George tasted the salt on his lips as he took a deep breath. He couldn't move, couldn't react to anything.

The man that held his hand tightened his grip and without a warning, pulled George out of the plane with him.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm bad at writing dialogue SORRY

# The yacht

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George heard a scream. It sounded and was so loud it Georges ears. Only someone who truly feared for his life would scream like that, George reckoned.

As he hit the cold, his mouth started filling with salty water. George felt his lungs contracting. He was going to drown, he was sure of it. Black surrounded him, his lack of sight made everything worse. He could not breathe, the cold water on his skin made him feel so strange, out of place almost.

Strong arms grabbed around his chest and he was pulled out of the sea. George did not know what he did, his body started working without his mind, and his arms pushed onto whatever he could grab.

He tried pushing himself out of the water, climb whatever he was holding onto.

George heard words in his ear. He did not know how to listen, he did not know how to process them in his brain.

George felt himself being pulled up, out of the water. His body hit the ground.

He did not move, but started shivering anyways. His hands pulled on his mask, trying to get it off, just seeing something. George didn't know if he was alive, he felt so strange. He never felt these feelings before and his hands twitched so much that he could not remove the mask.

But the worst part of it was the screaming, George still heard it ringing in his head. His lungs hurt. The screaming was awful, turned into sobs, and panicked breathing.

As he sharply inhaled, he realized how much his throat hurt. He was screaming. These screams were his. The realization confused George.

Suddenly, George was touched. Scrambling backward, George felt wood under his hands. It was wet and glittery, like a wooden floor.

“Please, don't, don't, don't, don't touch me, please don't”, George kept repeating and scrambling backward. His back hit a wall. It felt weirdly grounding.

Hugging his legs, George tried to catch his breath. Someone said something next to him and George knew it was English, he knew that he should be able to understand it. It was just... his brain did not work.

George did not know how long he sat there, trying to get his panic under control.

He heard his name. Understood it.

“George... shhh, it's okay. I – please tell me what I can do.”

George shook his head.

George cried into his hands until he was convinced he had no tears left. A male voice, someone who was not Dream, started talking. George did not listen.

“George, can you stand up? Can you hold onto me, maybe? I can carry you, if you want to”, George still listened to Dream, though.

George did not react. He swallowed dryly and tried moving his body. His arms slowly pushed him up, as he was falling, someone caught him.

“It’s me, George, it’s just me”, Dream muttered, holding George close.

George was still shivering, his body did not work as it was intended to. He was picked up and did not care. His hands were holding onto his own body. George was tired. George couldn’t use his senses.

After a short time of being carried by Dream, George felt himself being put down.

“You can lean back, a wall is behind you. I’ll cut off your mask, okay?”

George felt hands on his face, he hated it. Nevertheless, he didn’t speak, he just started crying again. The mask was lifted off his face. The light was bright, it was so blindingly white around him. A few minutes of trying to squirm open his eyes, and George could look around.

Dream was sitting next to him, giving him his own space. They were in an expensive-looking but small room, which was shaped like an “L”. At the one end of the room was a bed for two, taking up most of the space. On the side of it was a small window in the shape of a circle. In front of it was a couch with pillows and a breathtaking view of the sea that surrounded them. The other side of the room was separated by a glass wall. George could look through it, on the other side was a small bathroom with a toilet, sink, and a shower.

Dream smiled at him.

“You wanna take a shower? I definitely need one”, Dream said, “I hate having salty water on my skin.”

George nodded. “Sure, go ahead.”

Dream stood up and went into the small bathroom. George saw him pull off his shirt and stared out of the small window. He refused to stare at his friend like that.

The door opened and without any further comment, dry clothes and towels were put on the ground. As the door closed, George counted the number of locks. Three separate locks were closed. Sighing, George threw the dry clothes on the bed and turned around to the bathroom to get Dream the towels. The sight he was greeted with made him stop dead in his tracks.

Dream was showering and holy shit did he look good! George swallowed dryly and couldn’t help but stare at Dream’s back. After a few seconds, George caught himself and looked at the sink while he stepped to the door.

“Dream, I have towels. I’ll just... Put them here, on the door.”

The shower turned off.

“I’m finished anyway. Do we have dry clothes by any chance?”

“Yeah I’ll get them”, George said. He pulled a boxer shorts, a pair of Adidas joggers, and a black shirt from the bed.

Not looking at Dream, George went back to the bathroom and handed them in.

“Thanks.”

“Sure.”

After George took a cold shower, he felt much better. Dream and he sat on the couch and watched the sunset over the ocean.

“Do you know where we are?”, George asked, looking at the red sky.

“I... I don't know. But I'm pretty sure that the ocean is big and in international waters, we might not be traceable.”

“Yeah. I don't think they will - you know, kill us”, George said, feeling shaky after mentioning death.

“Yeah, no, I agree.”

George looked at the horizon. He heard a shaky breath next to him. Dream turned away, clearly trying not to cry.

“I don't want to die”, Dream whispered.

George fought his own tears back and grabbed Dream's hand.

“We won't, then.”

Dream chuckled. A few moments passed where the two of them were enjoying looking at the peaceful sunset.

“Let's get some sleep”, George proposed, stood up, and fell onto the bed. Dream still sat on the couch.

“I can sleep here.”

Oh. George felt a sharp pain in his stomach. Dream did not want to sleep in the same bed as him.

“I would like company”, George whispered.

Dream leaned forward, he hadn't understood him.

“What did you say?”

“I – I think there's only one blanket. You should stay warm, don't get a cold”, George answered after clearing his throat.

“Okay”, Dream nodded and climbed into the other side of the bed.

As George fell asleep, knowing Dream was next to him, he heard him chuckle lightly.

“What?”, George asked.

“You should have bought me dinner first.”

George snorted.

“Shut up and sleep.”

Dream laughed and turned around.

“Good night.”

“Good night.”

## Chapter End Notes

Noone: ...

Me, a sucker for clichés: AND THERE WAS ONLY ONE BED

-

hope you liked it!!

**05.05.2020**

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

05.05.2020

George woke up feeling more rested than he felt in a long time. Dream was laying on his side next to him, with his arm was loosely laying on Georges's stomach. It made his stomach flutter. George let out a sigh. He was so doomed because of his damn human ability to have feelings.

“Good morning babe.”

George, trying to conceal his surprise of Dream being awake, chuckled nervously.

“Don’t call me that.”

Dream just laughed and George felt himself blushing. Sitting up, he grabbed the clothes that laid on the floor.

“Nooo, don’t leave me. Was it because of the babe? I have other names for you. Sweetheart, if you want.”

George just shook his head smiling, as Dream grabbed his hand.

“Shut up, I’m – Dream! Let me go!” George laughed as Dream pulled him towards him. He fell backward onto the bed and sat up across from Dream, who had gotten serious.

“How did you sleep?”

“Okay, I guess”, George answered, “you?”

Dream didn’t meet his eyes as he answered.

“Yeah – I mean, it’s fine, I guess. I think – I think we need to talk.”

Dream looked into Georges's eyes and George felt his chest clenching. George swallowed and nodded. He couldn’t look at Dream, so he looked out of the small window at the horizon.

“I mean, the situation is, what should I say, emotionally challenging for both of us”, George said, having the feeling that somehow, this was not the topic Dream wanted to talk about. Was he uncomfortable with sleeping together with George? Maybe Dream wanted a little more space.

Dream nodded.

“No, I mean, yes, of course. This is all very –“, George saw Dreams eyes widen in shock as he looked at George, “ohmygod, George, why are you bleeding?”

George looked down on himself. The wound in his side, where Panpas had cut the tracker out, hurt and bled onto his shirt. But it wasn’t his health George was worried about as he pressed a hand against his side. The tracker. George knew there was a tracker in the safe with the money. If the kidnappers found out, George and Dream might just be dead.

“Nonono, its nothing, Dream”, George started to look into the corners of the room for cameras and made a small gesture around them, “you know?”



Dream nodded and winked at him as he lifted the blankets.

“Wow, are you as cold as me right now?”

George was impressed at Dreams fast thinking. As Dream pulled the blanket over his head, George pulled off his shirt to look at his wound.

“Shit”, he whispered, seeing the dried blood around the wound in the dark.

“This looks bad. Does it hurt?”, Dream whispered back.

“No, not really.”

George breathed in and was overwhelmed by Dreams good smell. He had completely lost his train of thought and just inspected the wound closer.

“I think it just needs some time.”

“How did you -?”

George signaled Dream to come closer and Dream leaned in so George could whisper in his ear.

“I can’t, if they can listen.”

George saw goosebumps spread over Dreams skin but did not comment as he pulled back. They didn’t talk for a few minutes. His eyes slowly adapted to the dark. His wound had stopped bleeding and was feeling itchy.

“You... look good.”

George smiled, “Thank you”, he answered, trying not to get a boner. He tried thinking of his grandmother and not thinking about Dreams comment. It didn’t work.

“It's kinda nice under the blanket.”

“Wait, didn’t you wanna tell me something?”, George asked.

“No, no, I think its – its nothing.”

George knew it was more than nothing, but decided not to press. Maybe, just maybe, Dream actually liked him – romantically. Just... maybe he wanted to tell him? George allowed himself to daydream as long as he was under the blanket with Dream.

## Chapter End Notes

this is so short, I’M SORRY. But some good news: I finished the plot and we have around 13 chapters left. The next chapters might be a little shorter, but I might upload them sooner. I hope you don’t mind!

# Taken

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The sound of the door opening made George turn around. He was laying on the couch and had his head on Dream's legs, who was looking out of the window.

A man with a gun entered. He wore black military-looking clothes and the usual mask. George was relieved at the sight of the mask, it meant he didn't have to give up his sight again. The man entered with two other men at his side.

"Clay, over here", he ordered.

Dream stood up and exchanged a look with George. He crossed the room. The sight made George worried, he stood up to, but was pushed down on the sofa again. Dream now stood between the two armored men, one of which pulled a knife out of a pocket.

George felt his pulse rise as Dream cast a worried look towards him. Dream got kicked into his knees and thrown on the floor. He let out a groan. George tried to stand up again, to help Dream, to get him up again-

"Stay down!"

George was pushed into the couch again. Looking at Dream, he felt helpless. Dream was being held on the floor by one of the men who held a knife.

"Listen!", the man next to George addressed him, "you are going to give us your login data to the databank of the London Police."

George nodded. A paper and a pen were pushed into his hands. George couldn't get his worried look off Dream, who was clearly in pain.

"If you don't give us your data, he's the one who is going to be in pain", the man pointed at Dream and the man next to him showed George his knife.

"Okay, okay", George tore his eyes away and shakingly wrote down his info. It had to be correct, did he remember it right? Did he? George imagined typing his passport into the keyboard and double-checked.

"Why do you need it?", George asked, handing the man the paper back.

"It's the reason you are here, George Davidson. We didn't need the money, we needed you and him."

Confused, George looked at Dream. What was that even supposed to mean? This info could only get you so far. It was info anyone in the London police could have given. And why did they need Dream?

"Now, get him up and going. You, George, stay on the couch. Don't move until the door is shut", the man instructed and George saw Dream being pulled up.

They weren't going to take him, were they? George had to concentrate not to stand up and stay

with Dream. He had no choice.

“Where are you taking him? Why – the info is correct, I swear! Don’t hurt him, please don’t”, George heard himself rambling as he stayed on the couch, trying not to stand up.

“George...”

Dream looked at George but was pulled right out of his view as George started noticing how fast his breath was.

The door shut.

Dream was gone.

And George was about to go insane.

Jumping up from the couch, George wanted to run to the door, try to break out. He knew it was useless, it might even be harmful to start a drama, so he just stood in the room, with all his energy but nowhere to put it.

Shaking, George started to pace. His thoughts were racing. Dream was – gone. George had failed his one goal, to get Dream out with him. To stay with Dream. Was he ever going to come back? George started picking at his nails.

George knew he had a problem.

Dream was straight – at least that’s what George thought. He had had a girlfriend, goddamn. They broke up, but still. Maybe he was bi?

George knew he was in love, and George knew he couldn’t act on it. Maybe he could... enjoy the time with Dream? George hated how hopeful he felt, hated how much Dream flirted with him for fun, knowing they were going to stay platonic.

George had more pressing issues right now. Stopping his pacing, he looked at the door, tested if it was open (it wasn’t), and sat on the couch. Looking out of the window onto the sea, George debated if this was what his life was now about. There would be a time after this, wouldn’t there? George knew there had to be.

Minutes later, George threw up in the toilet out of nervousness. He couldn’t sit still, paced around the room, and took a cold shower.

Looking onto the horizon, George shook his head.

“There is no way I’m not gonna need therapy after this.

## Chapter End Notes

omg all your comments made me so happy! Thank you all :3. Have this short and kinda bad chapter as a symbol of me trying my best haahha

# Night

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As the door opened, George was laying on the bed, staring at the ceiling. He looked to the door and saw Dream entering. His heart jumped, happy to see the familiar face. But the look on Dream's face made him worry. He looked like he was about to cry.

George stood up and took an unsure step forward. What was he supposed to do? Should he comfort him? Did the terrorists hurt him? What happened?

"Dream, what's-"

"Can I have a hug?"

"Oh yes, of course", George felt breathless as he quickly closed the distance between him and Dream. Closing his hands around the man's chest, he tried figuring out what had happened. Dream didn't look injured, just tired, unbelievably tired.

George took a shaky breath as Dream started shaking. It took George a few seconds to realize that he was crying. Soothing, George stroked his back. His thoughts were all over the place. Did they torture Dream? Was this – was this the plan? Breaking them mentally? But what for? George would give every information to protect Dream, and the kidnappers knew. Did Dream not want to give information? Maybe regarding his parents?

"I'm sorry, George. I'm so sorry", Dream's voice sounded muffled and George felt his neck getting wet from tears.

What did Dream mean?

"Shhhh, You don't need to apologize, Dream. You did nothing wrong."

George seemed to have said the wrong thing, as Dream started crying harder.

"Yes, I did, I'm so sorry - all my fault."

George tried calming him down by stroking his back. What was Dream talking about?

"It's okay, I'm here. Let it all out and then we'll talk..."

Dream slowly calmed down. Taking a step back, George looked at Dream. He did not see any wounds. But Dream had black rings under his red eyes, he looked so done.

"Do you want to take a shower?", George carefully asked. Dream didn't answer, just dried his eyes and scratched his head.

"I want to sleep."

"Okay. I'll brush my teeth, then I'll join you?", George proposed.

Dream just nodded. George cast a worried look to him, he had expected Dream to move.

"You –" "Yeah, I'm gonna wait – like, stay here-"

George felt something in his chest ache, as he grabbed Dreams hand and took him with him to the bathroom. While Dream was sitting on the closed toilet (Closed! Toilet), George brushed his teeth and washed his face with cold water.

Dream stood up and they looked at each other through the mirror.

"Wash your face, Dream", George softly said.

Dream stepped forward and did as George proposed.

Climbing in bed was awkward. Dream obviously needed some love, but was not going to ask for George.

"What happened, Dream?"

Dream just shook his head and turned around to lay on his back.

"Dream, you can tell me. Anything. I promise", George said and concentrated on not getting his thoughts racing, going in directions he didn't want them to be. Dark places. Places where Dream maybe wasn't a good guy who got kidnapped because he was a victim.

Dream shook his head. George slowly reached for his hand, scared that Dream was going to pull away, isolate himself further from George.

George held his breath as he laced his fingers into Dreams.

Dream did not pull away.

George stopped himself from crying as he made himself comfortable next to Dream. Maybe someday, Dream would sit down next to him and tell him everything. Not today though. Today George was happy with the feeling of Dreams fingers in his hand. His beating heart in his chest was a testament to how okay he was with this. George closed his eyes and listening to Dreams shaky breaths, fell asleep.

## Chapter End Notes

I'M SO SORRY I LOVE YOU ALL I'M JUST SO BAD AT FINISHING STORIES.  
IM SOOOOO SORRYYYY please forgive me for the long wait guys <3 and thank  
you so much for your support!!

another chapter coming in a few day and its gonna be epic. Sorry if this one sounds  
rough, i need to get back into the flow of the story

**06.05.2020**

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

In the morning, George wakes up to find himself shaking. His body rocked back and forth, the place in the bed next to him empty. Dream was gone and it felt like the ship was in a heavy storm. George steadied himself against the wall as he slowly got up to check if Dream was in the bathroom. Something about the ship felt so... off.

When another wave hit and George nearly lost his balance, he knew what was missing – aside from Dream, that is. The motor was off. No small buzzing, no background noise.

George hustled to the bathroom door, but there was nobody in the bathroom. Steadying himself against the walls, George looked out of the small window. He was surprised that the ship wasn't in a big storm. It seemed to be the waves were bigger than usual, but by no means –

**BANG!**

The loud noise made George flinch and duck on reflex. He moved away from the window, towards the bed.

What the fuck?? Was going on???

Was that how a gunshot sounded when you're not in the same room?? It must be. On the other hand, he was on a ship. Who knew what kind of noises were made in the middle of the ocean? Wich was full of armored men – George should hide. Or search for Dream. Maybe both?

Gathering all his courage, George walked over to the door. It seemed to be locked. George slowly reached out towards the handle. HE noticed his hands were shaking, sweat forming under his hair and making his scalp itchy. Slowly, his hand lowered onto the door handle. The door was locked.

He let go of the handle und furrowed his brows. He did not know how to handle the situation. Maybe everything was alright? As alright as it could have been while he was abducted?! George felt tears rise in his eyes despite his body being on adrenaline as if there was no tomorrow.

George took a deep breath and wiped the tears out of his eyes. Concentrate, George, he thought, walking back to the window. Was there anything unusual outside?

Pressing his head at the cold glass, George tried to get a good look outside. And just barely in his field of vision was a small boat, pressed against the bigger boat that George was on. The police! It must be police, who else would be in the ocean, randomly, if not the police. The tracker had worked! The tracker that was with the money, the terrorists must have taken it onto the ship. And now the police were here to rescue George and Dream. George felt so happy and relieved that he couldn't help but laugh at the sight of the ship.

Even another banging sound, this time from the other side of the ship, couldn't bring his spirits down. They were saved!

George turned around to the door and started banging on it.

“I'm here! Save me! Please help! Help!”

George heard footsteps on the other side of the door and stepped back as someone tried to open the door, shaking it in its angles.

“They have a key, the –“, a Gunshot penetrated the door and caused Georges ears to ring. Panicked, George scrambled to the edge of the room. Did he have a weapon? Any weapon? Hurrying in the bathroom, he frantically looked around. There was – toothbrushes, toilet paper, the sink, the mirror, a toilet – the mirror.

George took a deep breath and formed a fist. His knuckles were white as another bullet penetrated the iron door, leaving a bulge. No hole, just a bulge. HE was so going to get shot if he didn’t act. The mirror, if he could get it to break he’d have a weapon.

He could save Dream? Maybe?

Holding his breath, he looked into the mirror, into his eyes. He looked so panicked. George had the wild thought that he missed himself. Who was he?

His fist hit the mirror, not causing any damage but leaving Georges fingers burning.

“Ow, fuck, that hurts. Fucking- shitfuckshit”, George gritted through his teeth as he tried again, slamming his fist against the mirror.

It broke and cut into Georges's fingers, that were slamming into the shards at full speed.

Blood started pouring from his Knuckles and George felt like passing out. Grabbing a big shard, George started walking towards the door as his vision started getting clouded, his legs started to give up holding him, he shuddered, felt himself doubling over, throwing up, sweating. He was going to die if he passed out now, he was sure of it.

George swallowed, regretting it, spit on the ground. George's legs carried him to the window, maybe he could open it, escape??

He couldn’t. But taking a better look at the small ship, he saw how much it didn’t look like a police ship, he saw how shady it looked.

The door got kicked open behind him and George turned around, shard from the mirror in his hands, ready to get shot.

## Chapter End Notes

Cliffhangers, don’t we all love them??

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!